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The Last One Who Went Home

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright!
The bridal of the earth and sky—
The dew shall weep thy fall tonight;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

—GEORGE HERBERT (1633).

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15 Philipse Place Yonkers 3, N. Y.

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VOL. XXXV MAY-JUNE
No. 3 1954

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CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

How Much Do You Weigh?

Those friends who saw and heard the distinguished Russian preacher, I. S. Prokhanoff, will recollect that he was a man of great weight. Comrade Norman Smith once wrote me: "The dear man lay down to rest his weary body, but the couch broke down." I remember sitting by Brother Prokhanoff's side when a supper was being provided for Russian refugees. One Russian brother whispered to me, "He is worth his weight in gold." The great man announced me as "The ordained Kommissionar." The ordination service had taken place at the Russian Evangelical Assembly. They do not use the word "Reverend."

He spoke to the people about "laying aside every weight, and the sin that so easily besets us." It was a message for all believers, and heart-searching. How much do we weigh in God's sight? As I listened, I thought of that Scripture: "Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting." I am glad Mr. Prokhanoff included in his hymn-book:

Search me, O God, my actions try,
And let my life appear;
As seen by Thine all-searching eye,
To mine my ways make clear.

I bowed my head as they sang it in Russian. How we all need to pray, missionaries and supporters alike: "Lord, search my heart, and expose all pride, conceit, selfishness, carnality and deception." I have discovered Peter's great secret, "God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble" (I Peter 5.5). Verses 6 to 10 are magnificent. Grace given to resist the foe (Satan)! He does not weigh much to the believer who meets him on Redemption ground. We prove the promise, "He careth for you." "Praise ye the Lord."

Peter fell in the mud and mire of self-inflation. Thank God he rose up and learned the power of the Cross and the Holy Spirit's guidance, that have helped millions. Satan fled when Peter declared the Christ who bore our sins in His own body on the tree (I Peter 2.24).

Peter's weight was excellent. Now, let us cast aside every weight, and run with patience the race that is set before us; and let us live on Thanksgiving Avenue.

Yours in His happy service,

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

Dane Park, Margate, England.

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Charles and Edna Lukesh in Germany

German Bible class. Edna is at the organ, Charles at the extreme right. Note map of United States on wall.

Ludwigsburg, Germany,
February, 1954.

Dear Prayer-helpers:-

"He, that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." — Proverbs 29.1. How precious it would be, if all would receive the testimony with a willing heart! It is sad to see them harden their hearts, but this must be expected in a work like ours.

There was the funeral of a woman of but twenty-five years, about the middle of January. We only found out about it when it was all over. She had been lingering after an operation for ulcers of the stomach, and seemed to be out of danger, but suddenly she passed away. An autopsy showed a condition which the doctors declared they had never seen before, as if the whole stomach had been burned out. The husband did not even bother to see about having the body buried,—others had to take care of that. But he is already looking for another wife, under the pretense of having care for their two children.

About a year ago, both of them had shown some interest in the Gospel; but instead of going ahead, they drew back. It may be they felt that they were not receiving the help they had expected, for emigration to the United States. There were many more like them. The emigration to eternity did not interest them. It surely is no pleasure to be in the camps, therefore people are willing to sell their souls for a chance to emigrate. When it ends like this, there is a stir for a little while, but soon all is forgotten again.

It was the same with the young man who managed to get to the United States, and wrote that he had never fared so well in his life,—but in three weeks was a corpse. Again it was soon forgotten. He had lived in the very room where we held our meetings, before he emigrated, but had only sneers for the Gospel invitation. But there is no returning from the place where he is, in spite of twenty-seven masses said for him.

Another fellow, very promising for a time, from the same room, got hold of some easy money, went to drinking, and was killed by a fall from a streetcar. Another one, who used to visit the same group meeting, and did not yield to the Lord, was beaten up by a drunken fellow, and though not killed outright, he will evidently not amount to much in this life any more. Men have been warned, but harden their necks,—how long is God to wait?

In spite of Hitler's destruction of so many Jews, there are quite a few left here, who found a way to secrete themselves. They are usually well off, and seldom appear in the camps. They are not very scrupulous as to how they make an easy living. In the same camp as the above, there was a Jew, married to a Protestant woman, and they had a nice bright boy of six, who

used to love to come to the Sunday School. In the beginning, the father was mainly occupied with books of accounting,—how to cut down taxes for business men, and win for himself some extra money,—till the law caught up with him, and he was put in jail for four months. No sooner was he out, than he again had some "business," but lately he has been missing. Some reported him in detention in Berlin, and lately in Paris. Too bad the boy loses out. The father is a coarse scoffer, unbeliever, money-grabber, and the mother a "regular" Evangelical—just so she does not lack anything.

Now, for a change, I will give you some glimpses from our correspondence, in answer to our Gospel letter, which is rather widely disseminated.

"Dear Sir: I received your two letters, containing very nice examples. I have no religious literature except the 'Reconciliation' by Rutherford. I had no chance to take with me anything from home, as I fled from the transport which was taking me to the uranium mines in Joachimstal. I am Evangelical and my wife, a Russian, is Orthodox. Here we attend the Evangelical services. I do thank you with joy in my heart. These days, certainly, we all need such refreshment. My situation is not good at present, as I am out of work and ill. I have not been in church since Christmas, as I have nothing decent to put on. I asked for help at the national organization, but they have forgotten me. But I do not despair. I passed through a hard school in the battles of liberation in Russia, and am able to remember that there is One coming to judge both good and bad.

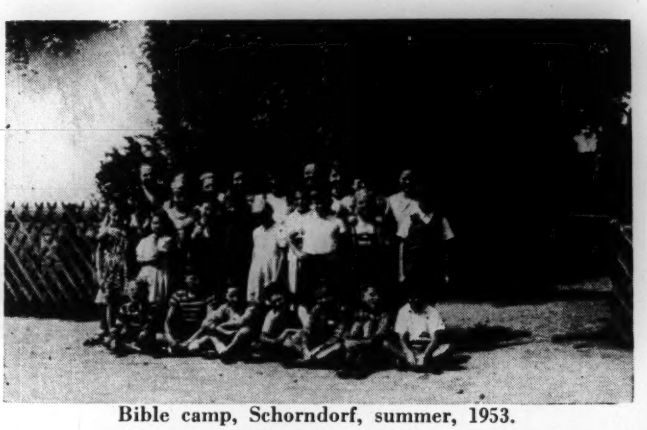
"In your letters, there is very much that is encouraging. I think I know the Gospels fairly well, and would like to read therein, but have no opportunity. I have only a German song-book. If you have something in that line, please send it to me. When I am working again, I will send a contribution to your printing fund. It is a hard life here, at our age; I am fifty-nine, and my wife is fifty-one. But we hope, God granting, that we shall have it better again. The main thing is, not to lose confidence in God and in Jesus Christ. With cordial greetings, I. S."

On my sending him some reading-matter, with advice, he wrote: "With hearty thanks I acknowledge your letter, and will write more fully next week. But first, I would ask you kindly to tell me with whom I have the honor of corresponding. I think you are a clergyman. Please tell me from which section of the country you are. Thank you for the printed matter, especially the Russian. I hope I have not insulted you, or if so, please forgive me. How did you get our address? With greetings, I. S."

Another writes that our messages appeal to him very much, and then adds: "Some time ago, a good boy from the United States wrote me, saying: 'Mr. M., as I know you, you have suffered much in your life, and from all, this side of eternity, you have had your share.' It is a fact, dear Mr. Lukesh, that I am sick in many ways, and can only thank God that I live till today. A year ago I was in agony, yet I live still. I would love to send addresses of others, but I am the only Czech man in this camp. There is also a Slovak woman, whom I cannot recommend to you, as she is incorrigible. She sells her nationality, religion, and her sinful body to United States soldiers. I will close for today, wishing you the best of luck. With cordial greetings, M."

Another recent letter praises our January Gospel letter, and wants to know more about me, from what organization I come, if political or religious, and of what denomination. The writer asks pardon for these questions. Being also a refugee, he sees the moral and material need of his countrymen, and rejoices in whatever is being done to relieve this need.

From these samples you see the general trend of such correspondence. No real appreciation of salvation, just a little religious talk, the main thing being to get some material help. By patient dealing we try to sift the chaff, if there may be something genuine underneath. Eventually, in many cases, a



Bible camp, Schorndorf, summer, 1953.

surprise call shows up the true situation. In that also, we need grace to discern rightly, and to help to salvation. Thank you for the faithful upholding of us in prayer and help. May the Lord be your exceeding great reward.

(March, 1954.)

"And other sheep have I, which are not of this fold; them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice" (John 10.16). Praise the Lord, that thus He included us also, and thus it behooves us to be mindful also of others. We cannot follow Cain's religion: "Am I my brother's keeper?" Shall they die because of our neglect?

Where are the other sheep? Was it only the Lord's task to seek the lost? He saved them, it is up to us to seek them, and not as a mere sentimentality. Therefore we make, several times during the year, longer trips, beyond our immediate vicinity, to locate those who have been transferred in the meantime. We have been postponing a trip to northwest Germany, so that we might utilize it also as the occasion for parting with a young lady who is leaving for Canada. It was not easy for the parents to part with her, their only child and the one to whom they look for succor, perhaps never to see her again. We were just waiting for a telegram giving the day of departure, and almost missed it. One day we received a letter announcing a postponement of the sailing, and the next day the telegram: "Leaving tomorrow." Had we not stopped at the post office on the way to another place, we would have received the telegram too late to get there.

Quickly we cancelled several dates and prepared for any eventual meetings on the way, during the planned round trip. On a little side trip we picked up a friend who helps to arrange our meetings at his camp, and took him part of the way. By steady driving, we arrived at our destination before midnight. In order not to disturb anyone, we slept in the car, to be ready early next day to take the parents to the barracks, where the final checking was made. The passengers were lined up three times to get their passports, boat tickets, and the places on the buses which were to take them to the wharf. There was another check as they were getting on the boat, to prevent "blind" passengers from sneaking in.

We intended to follow the bus our friend was on, but we missed it in the traffic, and reached the wharf by a roundabout way, when she was already on the ship, and no one was allowed on board any more. Therefore the mother missed the last parting, although she stood and watched her daughter on the deck, till the ship disappeared. Perhaps it was for the best, as they both took the parting very hard, and the girl said to a friend that she was on the point of fleeing from the ship, after all the effort that had been spent in making arrangements.

It was afternoon when we took the parents back, and tried to round up some people for a meeting that evening. There had been quite a colony of Czech people before the last war, but during it, and afterwards, they were

scattered, so that it was reported there were no more. Yet we found twenty-one names, some with families, some that had intermarried, and had no more contact with the others. Though not many came that night, we can at least follow them up with our monthly Gospel letter in the Czech language, as we do to many places. Since we had several other places to visit, we could not tarry that time. The next place was a new camp for us, as only last Christmas some people were transferred to it, from Nürnberg, all strangers to us. We obtained twenty-six names, some couples, some even with families. But not all of them were willing to hear the Gospel, because of politics and religious misrepresentations, which make the people abhor anything of a religious nature. There was some interest among those present, and others will be followed up by literature.

In order to save time, we lunched in the car, at the side of a lake, when we noticed a large group of high-school girls passing by. Of course, we would not miss the opportunity to pass out tracts, even to the leader of the group. They walked a bit further, and there the leader began to read the leaflets, to see if there might be anything objectionable. What remarks she made we do not know, but several of the girls came back a little, to take a good look at our license number. Anyway, the leader did not take the tracts away from the girls right then, and several placed them carefully in their handbags. We pray that some may be touched by the message, possibly the only one they will get in their whole lives.

At the next place we saw a definite leading of the Lord, though we expected only to stop a while and see a family we had previously contacted. Last year the man had had an accident in a coal-mine, and we wondered how they were faring. But he had gotten another job since, and had two nice rooms, which we do not have. The German wife, coming out of the laundry-room, talked to us quite indifferently, so that we were on the point of leaving, when the husband came in, with a German friend, and the latter's wife and child. Both women were "evangelical" and not interested in the Gospel; rather, they hindered our talk, by letting the children show off their poor training. Mrs. Lukesh had to take them in hand, so that we could have an opportunity to talk. We had a very profitable talk with the men, both Catholics, for four and a half hours. We had come there at half-past ten, and it was after three when we left. They would have listened longer, but I felt it was time to go, after giving each of them a Gospel of John in his own language, with instructions on how to study it.

Though the women made tea for themselves, they did not offer us a cup. The visiting lady had been separated from her first husband because of his infidelity, and though now having a lawful civil marriage, she was interested in finding out whether she could have a church wedding. That was her only religious concern, not her soul's salvation. We were also told that a couple of men visited there each week, trying to indoctrinate them into the "new apostolic faith." The false teachings, of all types, find a ready field in the indifferent minds that the "evangelical" churches produce.

That evening we came to a camp where the Czech wife of a Ruthenian doctor lives. He had passed the German requirements and had a position at a camp hospital, where the sick of the foreign groups were treated, under the American flag. He is a Greek Catholic, while she is nominally a Baptist. She complained that she did not have the opportunity of attending Gospel meetings, so we offered to give the evening for her benefit. She agreed, but when we wanted to sing a little, with the help of our folding organ, she objected because of the neighbors. We felt that she did not want them to report what kind of visitors she had. Of course she has no influence on her husband for conversion.

Edna with children in summer Bible school.

The next day was spent largely in travelling, with two incidents which definitely showed the guiding hand of the Lord. He is certainly protecting us, even when we are unaware of it. In the place where we picked up our friend for the return trip, we had the address of one who lately wrote for information regarding our work. Wanting to see him, I searched for that address, but in vain—though I had it in my hand all the time! Why was it? At home we found a letter from the man (a priest), declining further contact. It would have been a waste of time to hunt him up, but I wrote him a letter, giving him food for thought.

The second evidence of the Lord's protection was shortly before we reached our destination. Night frosts cause icy conditions on the turnpike, necessitating sanding. The traffic brushes the sand to the edges of the road, making quite a layer in places. A car going in the opposite direction struck one of those places, making it skid across the other lane and back again, stopping on the middle strip. It was but a moment, but it is horrible to contemplate what the results might have been, if he had hit the car ahead of us, instead of just missing it. The turn was so quick that he just missed our car. Either collision would have piled up the cars behind us on the top of it. Praise the Lord for His protection. We arrived at our home base Friday evening, and it took all possible efforts to make the necessary preparations for the coming Sunday. There were illustrated lesson leaflets to be made for four Sunday Schools, and meetings for adults, which keep us busy each Sunday from morning till late at night. Thank you for upholding us in prayer and help, making this work possible.

(April, 1954.) "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days" (Ecclesiastes 11.1). Dare we assume that the Lord does not merely challenge us by these words, but that He does the largest share of it Himself? He is casting His abundant grace before the sea of mankind, and yet many are so foolish as not to respond to the gracious invitation. Lately we rejoiced in a case where a man responded after more than two years of absence. We had contacted him in one of the camps, and he seemed interested, but he let himself be drawn away by worldly desires, and finally disappeared altogether. We spoke of him occasionally, but without hope of ever seeing him again.

About a year ago, we got an entrance permit into one of the foreign service companies of the United States Army, in the extreme West of Germany. Little did we guess that this man was right there. The hours of service then prevented his contacting us. When we were there again, recently, he had been away from that service for six months. Thus we would have missed him again, but the Lord arranged our meeting him, through a friend. This man has a small shop in the town for making toys, and our friend, visiting there, mentioned our name, which the shopman readily recognized.

As soon as possible we went to see our man, and he admitted that he was not well off spiritually. He admitted that at times he recalled what he had

heard from us, and how it had cheered him up; yet he had yielded again to the lure of the world, and also to smoking, rolling his cigarette right before us. It did not look promising, but after some talk he admitted that he was not satisfied with his spiritual state, and promised to turn "some day." Of course we used the opportunity to stress the importance of not procrastinating: if he wanted to turn some day, why not now? At first he promised to do so after reaching his home, but knowing the danger of postponing, I stressed the need of a decision right then, in the shop. Finally he yielded, to his great joy, and ours also. We had not mentioned his smoking, but he reached for his pack of tobacco, and emptied it in a trash-pile. We had prayer together, and he thanked God for His mercy. We urged him to testify to others, left him some literature, and will later send more. Now we pray for his spiritual progress.

If our trip to that distant camp were not to bear any other fruit, we would be thankful for that one soul. But there is hope that others will turn also, if we can come there oftener, possibly every month. Such a trip takes time and effort, and this time I noticed also an unpleasant after-effect, due to the drinking-water. While we were there, the water agreed with me, but on returning to our central place, the reaction made itself noticeable, very unpleasantly. That takes our attention away from other work, which is regrettable.

The captain of that company, though friendly, gave evidences of the vanity of human reasoning. He was very enthusiastic over some stories he had read in an American magazine, about the Lamas in Tibet. Because Roman Catholicism leaves its votaries unsatisfied, they snatch at anything that may attract their fancy. So we have to combat both their religious vagary and other fancies. He, and those influenced by him, are in constant contact with the other men, to spread their infidelity, while we can come there but once a month, D.V. We need His grace to combat these odds.

On the return trip we stopped to see a Ruthenian doctor, married to a Czech lady, whom we visited recently in another camp. She told us that her husband is a staunch Greek Catholic, and is now with the ambulance department of a Polish service company. It proved with the doctor, as in many such cases, that he is merely hiding behind a religious cloak. He claimed that he was faithful to his religion, and that "God will overlook the little faults or sins." How true, "they have a name that they live, and are dead"! In all kindness we presented to him the claims of the Holy God, so he will not have the excuse that nobody told him. The wife certainly does not give him a living testimony, though she claims to be a believer. It takes more than a religion,—a life from God.

Recently we heard of a fine example in the life of a fourteen-year-old girl, who came to believe through our service. Her unbelieving stepfather, a great talker, admitted that "she really had something"; that she was able to meet people in any circumstances, and give them a fine testimony, without offending them. As she had passed the obligatory time at school, he wanted to keep her at work in the home. That may be good for her, if he keeps his word, not to hinder her from going with us to meetings at other places. She needs it for her spiritual upbuilding. Thus far she has been "slaving" at home, yet loves to follow the Lord.

There was another funeral here, among the Czech people. A man, after being hit by a truck, lingered a few days, and passed away without regaining consciousness. This is another case along the line of "those who, after being often reproved, harden their hearts." We dealt with him for over three years, in various camps, but he yielded rather to the world. Now it is too late,—"ye would not"!

Our friend the barber is growing in grace. Recently he was expressing regret that formerly he had missed some of the Gospel messages, because he had

Popcorn is a welcome treat.

to cut someone's hair. He needs the work for his living, but now he takes definite time for the Gospel, and tells the customers to come at some other time. It was evident that some made it a point to come just when we were there, to hinder him from hearing the message. I am sorry to say that his wife, who used to invite others, while they were in another camp, has yielded to the influence of her mother and sister, who are now living with them. The Romish priests have many helpers who beset the people with religious claims under promises of emigration, and these entice many. That mother-in-law openly challenged her daughter to divorce her husband and get another. Romish morals!

The girl mentioned above was converted at our first Bible camp, and has shown a healthy spiritual growth since. We want, D.V., to have a five days' Bible camp, beginning the Tuesday after Easter, and would appreciate special remembrance at the Throne of Grace. These Bible camps add to our work and expenses, as the children cannot pay. But is a new-born soul worth the effort? Thank you for remembering us so faithfully; may His approval be your abundant reward.

(May, 1954.) "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matthew 11.28). How blessed it is to have this refuge to offer to such souls as the one revealed in the following letter. It is evident that the writer of it is not such a hopeless case as he thinks himself to be, from the standpoint of the Romish religion, with its threatened punishments to which he alludes. It was a joy to me to point him to the Lamb of God, who has borne the punishment for all sins, and expects all to turn to Him, and Him only. How vain is all religiosity, in view of such despair as this man's. He is at least honest enough to admit it and seek advice. Many try to bear the curse of sin, and drown the voice of the Holy Spirit by sinning still more. Pray for us, please, that we may find willing souls, ere it be too late, and that they may yield to the wooing of the Holy Ghost.

"Esteemed Mr. Lukesh: Permit me, first of all, to send you the heartiest greetings, and a wish for abundant blessing and health in your meritorious work, which you so unselfishly do for the spiritual blessing and well-being of the refugees and homeless people, who are without the fear of God. For this you deserve all honor and respect, and I personally thank you most heartily that you, with your words about God, have aroused in my heart a burning recognition how deeply I have fallen, since I have rejected God.

"Why do I turn to you with a letter? As you know, you were lecturing on April 6th and 7th in our company. I was present at both your lectures, and would love to listen to you for hours. Your words, contrasting the Christian way of living with an immoral kind of life, aroused within me a deep sense of recognition of my spiritual ruin and worthlessness. Why do I write this to you? First of all, because an inner voice commands me to do so, and because you are a man in whom I can have confidence; and also because I want your advice, as that of a man who represents the teaching of God. I believe, Mr.

Lukesh, that you will kindly meditate over my letter and advise me properly, as I ask of you. It may be that your answer will decide my future life.

"It is more than seven years that I have been living a disastrous life, without God and without love for Him. Really, life has become a hell on earth to me. There is no commandment in the Decalogue against which I have not sinned, if not actually, then by intention. Innumerable times have I insulted God with the meanest words, innumerable times have I scorned those who believe in God. I have slandered them, or persuaded them to forget Him.

"Since the fourteenth year of my life, I have been slowly forgetting God. So long as I was with my mother, she kept me close to God. My parents are very pious, and the recollection of them brings me now to despair. If only mamma knew today what the world has made of me, and the bad company I keep, I can imagine her sorrow. Why did I come to be thus? I do not want to throw off the guilt on others, to vindicate myself. I am the guilty one, only I, but the circumstances which caused it are as follows. Very early I left my parents, and at the age of fourteen I began to live on my own, in various towns of Bohemia and Moravia.

"I came among the worst company of young and old, in the camps of Ostrau and Kladno. There they began to wear down the religious convictions I still had, taught me various vices, card-playing for money, also taught me to curse, and all the bad things. I was far away from my parents, nobody was watching over me, and gradually I forgot the church and God. Two years later I ran away from my work, and drifted around, often cursing God because He did not favor me. In desperation I did impossible things, I stole, and so on. In the course of time I became very inconsiderate and selfish toward my parents, my brother and others. Often I did not show up at home for a whole year, not even when my mother was lying on her deathbed, and father was not able to manage the farm alone. I laughed at their sorrows and cares. I avoided all work, and loafed as much as I could. I tried to get money in various ways, and when I knew my parents had not a penny at home, I did not send them any. Today I recall it with a sad conscience. At the age of eighteen I was thoroughly depraved in all respects. I not only rejected God and cursed Him, but also endeavored to ruin others also, and even had my mother in derision because of her faith in God. That was about the limit of my sinking into the mire of which humanity is capable. At the age of nineteen I found myself in prison, where I again began to think of God—but only to think. When I got out, after six months' solitary confinement, within a month I forgot again.

"I was jailed because I left my job and tried to get across the border. Then I got into a conflict with the Communists. I was persecuted from all sides, because I cannot bear terrorism and dictatorship, and because I always let my Red rulers know this openly. Finally I had to flee across the border, because again the jail loomed before me. My trip to freedom was very hard and bitter; scarcely would anyone believe what I suffered in the nine days' journey on foot, through Eastern Germany, to West Berlin. If I believed in God, I would say that He helped me, because I escaped out of impossible situations, which I encountered on the way. Today, when I am finally free, I think of my past with terror, and say to myself, 'What would have become of me, had I suddenly died?' My conscience is very, very unclean, whether the fault is mine or that of the Communists. I see my youth lost, my soul lost, my parents unhappy; that is the balance of my life thus far.

"Where shall I begin, in order to have a sense of living at all? I am a young fellow (only twenty-one), but have lost God long ago, and am about to lose all hope of life. I know neither German nor English, and do not know what I would do, if it were not for this company. But even here I do not find peace, as I have a continuous longing for something, and know no rest. Every

moment of life is loathsome to me. I am always apprehensive of something. I think of my poor parents, who rested all their hopes on me, and of my brother, whom I have deceived and robbed. All this makes my life insupportable. Often it drives me to go to the limit. Usually I get drunk, or go around with frivolous women.

"Today, as I listened to your talk about God, the voice of my guilt became loud in me. Terrible guilt, and I fear, if there is a God, that He will not forgive all my sins which I have committed thus far, especially the greatest sin of rejecting God. How could God forgive me, without punishing me? That would not be normal. And then, I still doubt the existence of God, or rather, out of fear of God I try to persuade myself that there is no God. Yet occasionally, in my subconsciousness, I feel that I am acting against a law, whether of God or of nature. I realize that I need the lost peace and the life that I had while I was with my parents. I don't know what I would not give to obtain again that peace, both of mind and of soul.

"But how? How? My soul is in such disorder, that it can hardly ever be brought to believe in God. It would be foolish to say, 'Yes, there is God,' when my soul resists the thought. How could it be brought about, that my soul would believe? Is it possible to go to church and not believe that there is a God? What good would that do? I am not finding the way back to God! I fear that, if there is a God, He has surely damned me to the devil, and all is in vain. Hardly, very hardly will I be able to believe in God, since I have fallen so low. Yet I long to know God again, I long for faith in God, such as I had in my youth. I would love to get rid of that burden of sin somehow, even at the price of punishment. Thus far I feel guilty only in my subconsciousness, because of natural laws. I feel guilty as man to man. I cannot fear the law of God, as I do not yet firmly believe that He is. Yet what if He really exists? Then I am beforehand destined to the devil. . . .

"Dear Mr. Lukesh, I am writing you all, openly, sincerely, as I feel it. I have confidence in you, even more than confidence. I would beg you to counsel me somehow, or help me to find God, that I may believe in Him and do penance. You, a man who know the world, and are in contact with God, could best advise my young, inexperienced heart, and encourage me. I will be much obliged for any advice. You can write me, show the way, before it is too late; because life is increasingly difficult for me. I will anxiously await your letter, in which, possibly, I shall find what I am looking for. I hope you will not disappoint me, but rather confirm my confidence in you. I am, yours, R. A."

Thus far I have been able to answer this letter only by mail. However, by the time you receive this report, I hope to see the man personally. It is obvious that many things can be better dealt with face to face. He lives about a hundred and twenty miles from here, and considering the high price of gas, other expenses, and the time involved, it makes it out of the way for us, except for occasional visiting. Also, normally, that place is not open to us, so we have been there only twice, thus far. The Lord enabling, we would try to go there oftener. The writer of the letter, being one of a group of young fellows, is unknown to me by face, and because of their schedule of service, I may not have contacted him previously. I have referred to this case in detail, so that it may stir you to prevailing prayer; for it is not to be expected that the devil will relinquish his victim without a struggle.

This letter being so lengthy, I shall conclude with some brief remarks. At the short sessions of the Easter Bible camp we had almost all new attendants, so it did not result in definite conversions. However, the expression used in one family is typical of others. The mother said: "What happened to our child? He is so completely different from what he used to be!" We are praying for the proposed longer Bible camp during the summer vacation. Two

weeks is not a long time, but as the burden of all is resting on us, and other work is merely postponed, we will have to crowd into that time as much as possible. Some cards and letters of appreciation of our Gospel letters encourage us also in that effort; some ask for additional copies.

We appreciate your faithful standing with us in this labor for the salvation of lost souls. May the Lord reward you in His good way.

In the Master's glad service,

EDNA and CHARLES LUKESH.

An Echo of the "Hail and Farewell"

With deep emotion, with great joy and sincere thankfulness, I have read the article in the March-April issue of THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD, bearing the title referred to above. Such writing, and such personal relationships—so selfless, disinterested, and ready to help—could only proceed from a sister in Christ, a daughter in the Lord, a true Doctor in the service of the Master.

For the above-mentioned article, so masterly in its execution, we wish to thank the writer, and the American-European Fellowship, most heartily, as well as for the countless evidences of sympathetic understanding, which we have received from them during the brief years of our unclouded relationship.

It was four years ago, in May, 1950, that I came for the first time, as a stranger, to make the acquaintance of the Fellowship and its leader. At that time, this great land, with its practically limitless missionary opportunities and interests, was still a closed book to me. But while traversing both of these vast countries (the United States of America from east to west, and Canada from west to east), during my services in the churches and with many other groups, and after the reunions with many of God's children, whom I had known decades ago in various European lands, I very soon came to feel entirely at home, as though I were in my own land and among my own people. And now, toward the close of my life, the Lord has brought me to Canada, whence I hope to continue my service for Him, insofar as He in His faithfulness may open the door to me.

For the past four years, we personally, together with many other friends in Europe, have been privileged to share in the blessings with which the Lord has blessed the Fellowship. Once more we wish to express our hearty thanks to all the kind friends who have helped. Although, from the organizational viewpoint, we have come to the parting of the ways, we still continue, as children of God, to be united in the Lord, inasmuch as we mutually serve the one Lord, wage our warfare with the same weapon of the Word of God, seek to bring souls to the one Redeemer, Jesus Christ, and wait in common for the one Bridegroom, whose imminent return shall draw together all those who love the Lord and wait for His appearing.

May the bands of untroubled love and reciprocal intercession bind us together, so long as we have the privilege of working for our Lord upon this earth. In this spirit I send my hearty and affectionate greetings to all friends and readers.

BERNHARD GOETZE.

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

The Letter-Opener

I have a Sunday School class of women. Please pray for me, that I may make God's Word live in their hearts by His Spirit. We are studying Revelation, along with the International Sunday School lessons. They attend well, and listen so attentively, it is a joy to teach them. God bless you in all your labors for His glory and the salvation of the lost. Yours in His blessed service, till He comes. (Pennsylvania.)

After I had read Dr. Yuk's letter in the last issue of your magazine, he was taken to the Throne of Grace for more strength and courage to press toward the mark of the high calling, which I am sure he is doing. Sometimes the Lord gives faith for the very purpose of trying it, for the glory of His own Name, and for the good of him who has it. The love of God quite as often withholds as grants. Hence the necessity of trusting God to do His own way. We know His Word will never return void. Many mothers have prayed for their children's conversion, and have left this world without its being accomplished; but after that parent has gone, the child has not only become a Christian, but has gone into full-time work for the Lord. Tell Dr. Yuk there is never a day goes by that he is not prayed over by name to our Heavenly Father, together with his work at the clinic in Tel Aviv. Certainly our blessed Lord, while on earth, saw those who were closest to Him tire, betray and deny Him; but think what He means to us after nearly two thousand years. Praise His Name! Put the enclosed gift into Dr. Yuk's work; the Lord has laid him on my heart to pray for unceasingly. I wish I were able to send more for the many needs in the clinic. It is the widow's mite, as my dear husband went Home in December. May the Lord continue to bless all those connected with this His work; may He direct, and give you the wisdom that comes only from Him. (Maryland.)

An investment in this missionary society is "gilt-edge" so far as the Lord's work goes. (Missouri.)

Enclosed you will find two dollars; it is such a small amount for a great need. I do not have much money, but I do love to help God's people who are serving Him. I wish I could put into words the love that is in my heart. It surely will be a wonderful time when we see our dear Saviour, and dwell together in peace and love, no sin, no sorrow. Wish I could help you. I am getting along in years; our blessed Lord Jesus is so precious to me. God bless you. (New Jersey.)

When the HARVEST FIELD comes, I just have to sit down and read it all before I can put it down. How our hearts yearn for these dear ones who are giving their all for others, to show them the Way of Life! We are so glad to receive your magazine. I was reading the article Dr. Yuk wrote, and my heart was touched, for I know the great difficulty and the many years of testimony it takes, before a Jew really does accept the Lord Jesus Christ. My husband stands on the promise of the Word of God in Isaiah (55.11): "So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." May the Lord encourage the heart of every one of your missionaries, in those far-off lands. They surely will receive great reward for their faithfulness. (California.)

You may have wondered why you have not heard from me for some time, and now I am writing to tell you. For several years I have been considering the question as to whether I should retire or not, and a short time ago several things happened that caused us to decide we should. As our income is reduced considerably, this means our giving also will not be what it has been. But

be assured that we will not forget your work, and as the Lord provides, we will do what we can to share it with you, and also we will continue to pray for you. Enclosed is a gift for your work. (Pennsylvania.)

As we look about us this morning, we are reminded again of God's goodness to us. Tulips are coming up, and everything is beginning to bud. One is amazed to see how things begin to come up after a long winter, and just at the right time. That is how our wonderful Lord does everything. We had a wonderful turnout on Easter—one always does. People that never darken the door of a church through the year will come then, but praise the Lord for the churches that still give them the good old Gospel and the story of the Resurrection. The message is ever new. Oh! how can people remain blind to this wonderful truth and the power of it in our daily lives! (Minnesota.)

Dear Friend: I am just having a little "read" of your HARVEST FIELD magazine, and it is so interesting that I have managed to read a good deal of it, although my eyes are not too good. My birthday was eight weeks ago, and on that date I was eighty-five years old. And I exclaimed, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." I have a Book of Psalms, in fine large print, and I read it every morning by my bedside. (New Zealand.)

Short Surveys

Now this last month I have been teaching the annual Bible course again for young people who are leaving school. Daily we had some six hours of teaching, and afterwards visited the sick and aged, to get some exercise in the mountains. While in other years we have had more than twenty young people, this year we had only nine,—four boys and five girls. All things that have a disadvantage also have some definite advantages. The small group is far more easy to handle. Thus we experienced that all of them, without exception, took part in prayer, and that is always a sign of definite victory. On Easter Sunday each was presented with a Bible, and they sang their class song. What an Easter it was! We had snowfalls every day and every night. On Easter Day there was about twelve inches of snow all around. We have seven series of Gospel tent meetings ahead, all close up to the Alps. On June 5th to 7th there will take place probably the largest Young People's Rally we have ever had. We shall meet three days for Bible study and prayer, up in the mountains. Today I am to go and get some 80,000 Gospel tracts from the printer. Thus the work goes on as usual.—FRED STETTLER, Switzerland.

After a journey of a month and a half I have returned home safely, though greatly exhausted and worn out. Thanks be to God that He permitted me once more to take such a long journey, and to conduct services in many places. I was at three annual conferences, and visited all the churches and other stations in the province of Misiones, and also in Buenos Aires and its suburbs. I will write more in detail another time.—JOHN KOVALCHUK, Argentina.

After being hit hard by a threefold virus infection, I have lost a good deal of weight, but try to keep going, making calls and contacts as the Lord enables. The doctor verifies what an X-ray showed some years ago as diverticulosis, and I am on a very restricted diet. I had a wonderful opportunity to turn in my old car for a 1950 Plymouth, very reasonable, and it is all paid for. I believe it to be a loving provision of the Lord, to be used to the praise of the glory of His grace. There have been good opportunities to witness, taking all the strength I could muster.—JEAN RHODE, Florida.

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS, April-May, 1954
(The First National Bank in Yonkers is depositary for all gifts. Contributions to the Fellowship are deductible from Federal income tax returns.)

37257-$47.01	37281--$5.00	37305-$25.00	37329--$2.00
37258--10.00	37282--10.00	37306-425.00	37330---1.00
37259---5.00	37283--15.00	37307--10.00	37331---1.00
37260--10.00	37284--75.00	37308--75.00	37332--60.00
37261--30.00	37285--10.00	37309--10.00	37333--50.00
37262---2.00	37286--75.00	37310-200.00	37334---2.00
37263--50.00	37287---1.00	37311--75.00	37335---5.00
37264---4.00	37288---1.00	37312--10.00	37336--15.00
37265---1.00	37289---2.00	37313--45.00	37337---5.00
37266--10.00	37290--10.00	37314---2.00	37338---5.00
37267--50.00	37291--10.00	37315--50.00	37339--30.00
37268---6.00	37292--10.00	37316--10.00	37340--15.00
37269--10.00	37293--25.00	37317--50.00	37341--25.00
37270--10.00	37294--10.00	37318---3.00	37342--10.00
37271--27.00	37295---5.00	37319---2.00	37343---1.00
37272--10.00	37296--28.86	37320--10.00	37344--12.00
37273---1.00	37297--15.00	37321---5.00	37345--75.00
37274--50.00	37298--20.00	37322---2.00	37346--35.00
37275--50.00	37299---5.00	37323--15.00	37347-105.00
37276---2.00	37300--10.00	37324--10.00	37348---2.00
37277---5.00	37301--35.00	37325--10.00	37349--10.00
37278--25.00	37302---5.00	37326--25.00	37350---1.00
37279--10.00	37303---3.00	37327---3.00	37351--60.00
37280---2.00	37304---6.00	37328--25.00	37352--50.00

Writing under the heading, "TROUBLED FRANCE," Mr. Arthur G. Ingleby, in his periodical, *Lines of Communication* (Parede, Portugal), analyzes the present political, moral and spiritual confusion of the French nation. Ten million people, a quarter of the whole population, are said to be unchurched. The Catholic priest is now compelled, by order of his Church, to live a segregated life; if he attempts to be "normal" and mix with his fellows, he may yield to temptation and even fall a prey to Communism. Thus he cannot really help these millions who are without God. Can we?

Excellent titles lately received from the AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, 21 West 46th Street, New York 36, N. Y., include: Letter from a Father, No Harm in It? (on smoking), "You're Out!" Hidden Hunger; Are You—?, The Blood, The Best State To Live In, Triumph and Tragedy, The Lord's Supper, It Pays!, I Was a Night Club Entertainer, Football Can Be Different, James Russell Lowell and the Skeptics, Seven Hundred Left-Handed Sinners, What Then? All are attractively printed, with colored covers. Free samples are available from the American Tract Society. You will want to use these fine tracts.

CONGRATULATIONS to our faithful co-worker and friend, Lewis Ritchie, on the completion of half a century as a member of the choir of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Yonkers, N. Y. Mr. Ritchie was recently tendered a dinner by the choir, and remembered with an appropriate gift. We add our good wishes. For the past three years the Fellowship has constantly had the benefit of Mr. Ritchie's skill, trustworthiness, and unselfish zeal in the work of the Lord. May God continue to bless him.